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LV.

A thousand times I have repented
Of having more than needful vented ;
But ne'er of danger knew a tittle
To come from having said too little.

LVI.

'Tis noised abroad, where'er one goes,
And I am fain to hear,
That no one in the country knows
The girl to me most dear :
And, 'tis so true, that scarce I wot,
If I love one at all or not.

* * *

DAVID GAM*.

My countryman of olden days,
Bold David Gam, demands my lays :
He, who on the Gallic plain
Rests among the valiant slain,—
He, who fills a Hero's grave,
Oh he—the bravest of the brave !

When Monmouth's Harry o'er the main
To battle France led forth his train,
Of bearing bright and gallant mien
The 'Squire bold David Gam was seen,
Proud Chivalry's undaunted son
As e'er the heart of Beauty won !

'Twas near the tow'rs of Agincourt,
Where mad Bellona rul'd the sport,
The Monarch sent his Herald out,
The foe to number, weak and stout ;
And he a tale of terror told,
It's breathing chil'd both faint and bold.

* Davydd Gam was a native of South Wales, and contemporary with the celebrated Owain Glyndwr, to whom he proved a formidable opponent during the reign of the fourth Henry. The gallant part he acted under his son in the famous battle of Agincourt is faithfully related in this well written ballad, with the exception that he died in the defence of his Sovereign, while his person was in great danger, and for which he received in his last moments, as here noticed, the honour of knighthood.—ED.

“ The foes are like the stars of night !
 “ Their number such, their arms are bright.
 “ The foes are like the northern wind—
 “ Of strength too vast to be defin’d !
 “ Our doom is, if their rage we face,
 “ Despair, discomfiture, disgrace !”

Bold Gam, he told another tale :—
 “ I’ve mark’d the foe on hill and dale ;
 “ There is enough—and that is all ;
 “ Enough to fight, enough to fall,
 “ Enough to grace our triumph gay,
 “ And full enough to run away !”

The Cambrian warrior’s story brave
 To cooling bosoms ardour gave—
 On they rush’d and charg’d : how well
 The fame of Agincourt can tell ;
 Where bleeding on the field of fight
 The dying Gam was dubb’d a Knight.

My countryman of olden days,
 Bold David Gam, demands my lays ;
 He, who on the Gallic plain
 Rests among the valiant slain ;
 He, who fills a warrior’s grave,
 Oh he—the bravest of the brave !

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

IMPROMPTU

On the BIRTH of an HEIR to the HOUSE of WYNNSTAY,
 May 22, 1820.

Welcome, stranger, to our land,
 Welcome to each hill and vale,
 Where the sons of Cymru stand,
 Eager thy approach to hail.

Joy and gladness for thee wait,
 Honour too and love attend :
 In return, be this thy fate,
 Ever live old Cymru’s friend.

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